

Audition Monologue Jessica: *(she is speaking to a guidance counselor or friend or therapist-- she is tough, sarcastic, independent, has an edge, and might be the kind of teenage girl a young male teacher might be intimidated by.)*

I'm just feeling bored more than anything else. I'll give you an example: the other night I'm at a party at Jesse Holmes house. It is his parents house of course, they pay the mortgage and all I mean Jesse just lives there, but there was a party and everything was all posh and nice and I'm rolling my eyes as I walk in the door and I'm getting tired of doing that. And later I see this tenth grade girl getting wasted and sloppy and it is almost adorable except it's not. Not at all. It's just boring. But then I see Nicole Preston in the other room calling the sophomore a loser a dweeb and being wicked sharp about it and that makes me feel even more bored. Expect that I'm talking to Janie Rice about Nicole being a royal bitch. And then I realize that someone is at that moment or should be cutting me down in another room. I'm just getting tired of it. Ms. Hermansky said to me the other day "lose the attitude" and I'm like "What attitude? This is just how I am." Ms. Hermansky is always saying things like "You have your *whole* future in front of you. Isn't that exciting!" Come on, lady. *Everyone* has their whole future in front of them. I'm just trying to get through the next thirty minutes.

Audition Monologue Mr. James *(he is talking to a fellow young teacher-- this guy is sort of insecure, funny, "faking it" and kind of uninspired)*

I remember the first time I threw away a stack of papers. Just chucked them in the garbage. It was amazing. It was May, it was hot outside, and I had like 40 of these 10th grade essays about Freudian theory in *The Call of the Wild*. They were going to take a while and they were going to be *bad*. I hadn't explained things too well and we kept losing class time for standardized testing. I was talking about Carl Jung and the collective unconscious-- half the class was unconscious. I didn't know what I was talking about. I really dreaded grading those suckers because they were going to reflect back how poorly my semester was going. I was supposed to work on them on Saturday and I just couldn't. I threw them in the garbage and went to the movies. It was awesome. I felt so free. The funny thing is that students did not ask about it. They probably knew their papers were crappy and were glad just to forget all about them. Finally one of the smart kids asked me in a pushy way if they were going to get *the Call of the Wild* essays back before the end of the year. I just said those papers were not to be graded-- they were for used developing strategies and benchmarks in the writing process. Pulled that out of my ass. What can some sophomore say against "benchmarks in the writing process?" Nothing. I felt pretty guilty about throwing away those papers at first, but no one cared or noticed. The world went on just fine.